

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1876.

The Week.

A CALL for a conference to be held on the 15th of May has been issued, signed by Messrs. W. C. Bryant, Theodore D. Wooley, Alexander H. Bullock, Horace White, and Carl Schurz, to take into consideration the present alarming condition of public affairs and the best means of "preventing the national election of the centennial year from becoming a mere choice of evils, and of securing the election of men to the highest offices of the Republic whose character and ability will satisfy the exigencies of our present situation, and protect the honor of the American name." The danger they see in the present crisis is "that an inordinate party spirit may, through the organized action of a comparatively small body of men, who live by politics, succeed in overriding the most patriotic impulses of the people, and in monopolizing political power for selfish ends." The proposed conference is to be held in New York, and the call has only been sent about privately to selected persons, and we presume will rely for its influence rather on their weight than on their numbers. What it will do or can do, it is hard to say, except make preparations to put up a bolters' ticket in case neither the Republican nor Democratic nomination is satisfactory. The party objections to it at present begin to appear already, and they are naturally that it will destroy "harmony" in the party; that it is time enough to cry out and protest when bad nominations have been actually made; that it will hurt the feelings of a great many good men who still think the Republican party is abundantly capable of accomplishing its own purification; that the signers are not practical politicians, and that, therefore, the movement can come to nothing. The objections that will be made after the nomination are: that the regular nominee is a noble, good man, who was faithful in war; that the cause of human rights is in peril; that the candidate has always been a civil-service reformer in the best sense of that term—that is, has always been in favor of "putting good men in office" and has constantly recommended such men himself for office; that the people are not to be deceived by this fire in the rear; that Mr. Bryant and Mr. Woolsey, who signed the call, are old men, while Mr. Andrew D. White, who is as good a college president as any of them, and has a large library, and is a lively, active young man, likes the ticket very well; that Schurz is a foreigner; and that discontent and grumbling are bad things in the centennial year.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* gives an explanation of the origin of the scandal with regard to Mr. Blaine which, we suppose, may be taken to be authentic, inasmuch as it seems to come from one of the gentlemen who helped to set it a-going. There was a short time since a meeting in Cincinnati of four gentlemen, whose names are not given, but to whose knowledge it had come that the Democrats had "charges" against Mr. Blaine which would be "sprung" in case of that gentlemen's nomination at Cincinnati, and they therefore felt they must hold a "conference" to "look into" them, on the principle, Mr. Blaine's friends would say, of the old lady who declared that "it was not that she wanted anybody to do anything wrong, but if they did, she did want to know all about it," but, according to their own account, from more patriotic motives. They therefore entered into correspondence with Mr. Blaine, and wrote him a letter which the *Gazette* says he is at full liberty to publish. The conference was not in the interest of any candidate, but was merely held for the purpose of discovering whether these charges were such as to injure Mr. Blaine in case of his nomination, and in that case to enable him to meet them. Now, the Indianapolis *Sentinel* (a Democratic organ) has published a definite charge, supposed to be supported by the statement of Mr. Harrison, a Government director

of the Union Pacific road, to the effect that \$64,000 were paid to some one by the company on a pledge of some \$75,000 in bonds of the Fort Smith and Little Rock Railroad, not worth anything like that sum, and that though Mr. Harrison made enquiries into the matter it was hushed up. The theory of those who make the charge is that Mr. Blaine got this money, which he denies, apparently not on the ground that he had nothing to do with the transaction, but that whatever he did was for the benefit of third parties. A "constituent" of his declares that upon Blaine's recommendation he bought \$13,000 of the Fort Smith bonds, and paid \$10,000 for them, and that, the investment turning out badly, Mr. Blaine very handsomely took them off his hands at the same price. Mr. Rollins, the Treasurer of the Pacific road, and Messrs. Morton, Bliss & Co., the bankers through whose hands this \$64,000 passed, have exonerated Mr. Blaine in "cards," but the *Gazette* says that all this Fort-Smith business only relates to "one of the charges," implies that there is much more behind, that the cards of Messrs. Rollins and Morton, Bliss & Co. "fall entirely short of the mark," and that a full investigation is what is now needed.

There is talk of sending Schenck back to England again as soon as the House Committee reports on him, in case the report finds him guilty simply of indiscretion and not of wilful fraud. This plan, if carried out, would be simply an adherence to the rule which has been acted on in other cases—to heed no criticism of a public servant until the grand jury has actually found a bill against him for some infamous offence. If the Committee finds Schenck guilty simply of indiscretion, it will be indiscretion of so gross a character as to indicate a childish gullibility which, in the case of so old a poker-player, would be little short of criminal; and to send him back without a guardian would be inexcusable. The unhappy Babcock has been again indicted, this time for the Safe Burglary, and Boss Shepherd has gone bail for him. There is as yet, we are sorry to say, no sign of a movement in the army to get rid of him. We must remind those who think the acquittal at St. Louis ought to shield him that he promised a full explanation of the telegrams, which he has not offered, and that he telegraphed to the District-Attorney that he was eager to appear as a witness, but to Luckey, his confederate, that he must prevent his being brought on at all hazards. These things leave a colonel in the army in a position which is untenable, and as long as he has not cleared them up he is not fit company for officers and gentlemen, or for anybody but a Boss.

The bill which directs the Secretary of the Treasury to put in circulation the subsidiary silver coin which the Government has in its possession, by virtue of the Sherman Resumption Act of 1875, became a law on Monday, the President then having signed it. With the Government now fully committed to the purchase of enough silver to make \$50,000,000 of dimes, quarters, etc., equal to the authorized issue of fractional notes, preparations are making by the Big-Bonanza managers to have Congress take another "step towards resumption." This "step" will be in the form of a bill authorizing the issue of silver dollars, to take the place of the United States notes, each of which promises to pay to the bearer one dollar. The total amount of these one-dollar notes outstanding at the beginning of the fiscal year was \$27,416,863. The proposed silver dollar, at the present price of silver, would be worth a trifle over ninety cents, so that the bill might properly be entitled "A Bill to facilitate the release of the Government from part of its debt, and to promote the interests of the Big-Bonanza mines."

Besides the passage of the Silver Bill, Congress has been occupied mainly with the Belknap impeachment, the case of Halleck Kilbourn, and the Third-class Postal Bill. Belknap has pleaded

to the jurisdiction of the Senate, on the ground that he is no longer an officer of the United States. The Postal Bill has finally passed the same body. The House has, after a good deal of debate, decided to produce the body of Hallett Kilbourn in court, in obedience to the habeas-corpus proceedings, and thus avoided a very disagreeable dilemma, out of which there was really no road except submission or defiance, inasmuch as the House is itself a body of quite as high jurisdiction in the matter of contempt as the courts themselves. The debate was rendered lively by a dispute between Mr. Blaine and Mr. Tucker of Virginia. Mr. Tucker wished the sergeant-at-arms to appear in court by counsel, and so raise the question of the legality of the habeas-corpus proceedings, and, on Mr. Blaine manifesting some opposition, declared that the latter was "no lawyer," and had "often shown" this lamentable fact—an accusation which Mr. Blaine apparently regarded as an imputation upon his mental qualities almost as bad as an intimation that he was "no gentleman" would have been upon his honor, for he immediately thanked God that he was not a lawyer in the sense of the term understood by Mr. Tucker, and had never, as Attorney-General of Virginia, given an opinion that the local authorities of a State might "invade the post-office." To this Mr. Tucker replied that Mr. Blaine, though, as he had previously declared, no lawyer, was undoubtedly "a Pharisee," and began to thank God in his turn, when he was ingeniously interrupted by the Maine Statesman, who made the cause of gratitude to the Almighty appear quite different from what Mr. Tucker had intended. The discussion then branched off in various directions, but, on the House coming back to the merits of the case, soon lost its interest.

The United States Government received from the British Government \$15,500,000 as indemnity for the damages done by the Confederate cruisers. This sum was invested by the Treasury in a U. S. 5 per cent. bond. The amount of claims already adjudicated by the Alabama Commission is \$5,883,000, and the Treasury now gives notice that on the 24th instant it will receive proposals for this amount of the new 5 per cent. bonds. In addition to the usual conditions under which such proposals are received, the Treasury has imposed the additional one that no bid will be received for a smaller amount than \$500,000. This excludes all ordinary investors from bidding, and also furnishes ground for complaint that the arrangement was made out of consideration for the wishes of the Syndicate. It is also not understood why the bonds should be sold for gold, as we believe the claimants were to be paid in currency.

The President has vetoed the bill recently passed by both Houses of Congress to reduce his successor's salary from \$50,000, at which it was fixed by the "Salary Grab" Act, to \$25,000. The message sent to the Senate with the veto compares the Presidential salary with that of Congressmen, and shows that when the President's salary was fixed at \$25,000 a year, members of Congress got only \$6 a day, or, at 120 days for the session, \$720 a year; their pay has been made seven times as large as it was, while the President's has only been doubled. But there are other reasons much stronger than this *tu quoque* argument for opposing the change. A salary of \$50,000 a year for the President of a country of 40,000,000 inhabitants, in which the scale of living is what it is with us, is little enough; indeed, it is far too little, and every one who has looked into the items of the appropriation bills knows that no President has actually lived upon it (to say nothing of \$25,000) for years. Some Presidents have appeared to do so, but it is because all sorts of expenses connected with the White House are treated as "side speculations" to be paid for separately. We believe the actual cost of keeping up the Presidency is nearer \$100,000 than \$50,000, and the only effect which can come from making the salary less than the expense is one of two things: either to make it necessary for the President to beg for favors from Congress (in all which cases we may be sure he has to give an equivalent), or for him to take some means to eke out his expenses, such as those which the Secretary of War, for precisely similar reasons, has been led into. This has never yet

been done, but it is well to take warning in time. The reduction proposed by Congress is a pure piece of demagogism, got up for the purpose of putting the Republican party in the position of hostility to the "poor boy," and the Democrats in the position of "lightening the burdens of taxation." There is no use in expecting to get good Presidents unless you pay them well; and if we are to have a general scaling act, let Congressmen begin fairly with themselves, and fix their own pay at the rate they estimate others. On this scale a Congressman would be worth about \$250 per year.

The disappointment of the newspapers with Mr. A. T. Stewart's will has, after the enormous amount of space they have devoted to his funeral, and the dithyrambic style in which they have written about his life, something rather comic about it. The will, though made in 1873, gives a few small legacies to old friends and servants, a million to one of his executors, Judge Hilton, and the rest of his property absolutely to his wife, leaving her and Judge Hilton to carry out in their discretion certain unrevealed schemes of a charitable kind which Mr. Stewart says he had in contemplation at the time of his death. The reasons why they were left in this condition seem to us plain enough, and we have endeavored to set them forth elsewhere, nor are they reasons which are in any positive way discreditable to the memory of the real Mr. Stewart, though they may seem so to that of the ideal Mr. Stewart created by the reporters.

By one of the most remarkable testamentary operations on record, Judge Hilton has now, within a week of Mr. Stewart's death, acquired the bulk of his property, worth from ten to twenty millions, transferring to Mrs. Stewart as an equivalent the one million which was left him by the testator for taking care of the estate. In the eye of the law, therefore, we suppose, Mr. Hilton takes the property, charged with the duty of carrying out Mr. Stewart's charities, whatever they may have been. Judge Hilton's character as a public benefactor is therefore of some interest to the public; and it may be worth while to recall the fact that some years ago there was a Ring in this city composed of four gentlemen, named Tweed, Sweeny, Hall, and Connolly; that one of these, Peter B. Sweeny, was put at the head of a body called the Park Commission, and that associated with him was one Judge Hilton. The new Board went to work to benefit the public. They lopped off and cast away the boughs from the trees in the Park where they were most necessary; they allowed quack-medicine advertisements to be painted on the rocks; and, to cap the climax, the old Park Commission having employed a skilled zoölogist by the name of Waterhouse Hawkins to restore some fossils of extinct species of animals, they dismissed Mr. Hawkins, while Judge Hilton issued an order to have the models carted away and buried, and to have the moulds and sketch-models destroyed, on the ground that a naturalist might better employ his time than in wasting it over "dead animals." In fact, they conducted themselves like vandals and public enemies. We sincerely trust that Judge Hilton will devote his suddenly-acquired wealth to private enterprise. Prayers against his attempting to do anything for the public with it might well be offered up in the churches.

The *Times* has succeeded in unearthing a most wonderful tale of oppression and wrong, practised of course by a lawyer, and, better than all, by one of the most eminent and respected lawyers in the country, Mr. Charles O'Connor. Why the story was published the *Times* has not made apparent, as the events out of which it grew can hardly be said to be "news" at this day; and we can only explain it as a piece of that peculiar kind of newspaper enterprise which criminal prosecutions for libel seem to be the only thing calculated effectually to suppress. The story is, in substance, that in the Forrest divorce case Mr. O'Connor swindled his client, Mrs. Forrest, first allowing her to believe that he was serving her without hope of reward, and then appropriating her funds when she had gained her suit. We do not propose to go into the merits of the case, which Mr. O'Connor has laid before the Bar Association,

further than to say this: that it is a case in which no charge whatever has been made by the person supposed to have been injured; that she herself has frequently and in the most public manner expressed her profound gratitude to Mr. O'Connor for his services, and that she wrote a letter in December, 1851, expressly admitting his right to payment in the event of her ability to recompense him for his services; that the fees he secured bore no adequate proportion to the services rendered; and that no member of his own profession has hinted at a suspicion of his professional conduct in the matter. Under these circumstances, the publication of a story insinuating, rather than making, charges of gross fraud is nothing short of a scandalous abuse of the power of the press, and an outrage which we do not believe would be tolerated by the courts or by the public opinion of any civilized community in the world outside New York. Mr. O'Connor at once brought the matter before the Bar Association, and requested an investigation. A committee, consisting of such lawyers as Messrs. Evarts, Choate, and Parsons, was appointed for this purpose, but reported that Mr. O'Connor's statement of the case was a "sufficient answer to anything that had appeared in the public prints or otherwise," and suggested that Mrs. Forrest (Mrs. Sinclair) should have an opportunity to make charges if she wished to do so. To anything short of a thorough investigation, however, Mr. O'Connor strenuously objected, and very properly. A new committee has accordingly been appointed to get at the "bottom facts," though it will doubtless appear that there are no "bottom facts" except a gratuitous libel of a man of unblemished reputation.

The condition of Egyptian finances has furnished a very prominent topic of English politics for many weeks past, owing to the general belief, after the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, that England was going to do something handsome for the Khedive—a belief which was strengthened by the despatch, at his request, of an English accountant, Mr. Cave, to examine his finances. There is little doubt that at the time Mr. Cave went out there was a vague intention in Mr. Disraeli's mind of in some way interfering in Egyptian finance, but it is asserted that the protests of France and Italy led him to back out of it. At all events, Mr. Cave shortly came back, and the Government declined to state what the result of his investigation had been, as the Khedive wished to have it considered confidential, an announcement which caused a panic in the Egyptian securities from which they have not since recovered. The fall has, in fact, been tremendous. The total nominal amount of the Egyptian debt is in round numbers \$284,000,000. Its market value in October of last year was \$192,000,000. At the end of last month it had fallen to \$152,500,000, a depreciation of about nineteen per cent. Since then, however, the Khedive has telegraphed permission to London to have the report published, and we shall probably have it shortly, but the best that is expected from it is that it will show that the Khedive is not actually bankrupt, and that he can recover if he tries. It is hardly likely that this will improve his credit. The money markets of the world are learning at last the great lesson that the credit of a country does not depend on its natural resources, but on the moral character of the government, and therefore statistics about the hogs and the wheat and the ores are no longer of any value for raising the wind. What lenders now ask is, "Are the politicians of your country—the managing men—whether Sultans, Shahs, Khedives, Favorite Sons, or Practical Men, honest and careful persons, with a nice sense of public and private honor, or are they whiffling, quibbling, lying, fraudulent fellows, who do not care what people say or think as long as they can fill their pockets?" The stern and inexorable putting of this question has made the rates for money very low and borrowers very scarce.

The Anglo-Indian Government, which has been losing for two or three years on its remittances to England, and would this year, it is estimated, lose about \$11,000,000 owing to the decline in silver, and is every year running a little further into debt for public improvements, has determined to tide over the present crisis in its

coinage by a new loan of \$20,000,000. The ordinary revenue is about \$250,000,000, and the ordinary expenditures about the same, but there is every year an extraordinary outlay of about \$20,000,000 for public works, and nearly \$12,000,000 were spent last year in the relief of the famine in Bengal. The new loan is to be raised in England, and this will for the present stave off the loss on the remittances to England, and has helped to raise the price of silver in the London market. The unfavorable feature in the condition of the revenue is the large extent to which it is dependent on the sale of opium, the receipts from this source amounting to nearly \$50,000,000, or about one-fifth of the total amount. The revenue shows but little elasticity, owing to the fact that the largest item in it is the land-tax, amounting to about \$100,000,000, while the customs duties, in which the rise caused by increased civilization would soonest show itself, amount only to about \$12,500,000. But then there is remarkable progress. In 1858-9, the year after the mutiny, the revenue was only \$180,000,000. In 1863-4 it had risen to \$225,000,000. In the present year it is estimated at \$255,000,000.

M. Waddington, the new French Minister of Public Instruction, has introduced in the Assembly his bill repealing two clauses of the act passed in the last Assembly which gave complete liberty of university instruction, and restoring to the Government the sole right to superintend the examinations for degrees. The Minister has to sign all the diplomas, and this he says he cannot properly do unless he has the means of knowing what their value is. What is most curious in all this is, that the act of last year, which was the work of the Clerical and Legitimist parties in the Assembly, simply carried out one of the reforms which the Liberals in France have been demanding ever since the Restoration. When they got it, however, they discovered that the Clericals were likely to reap more advantage from it than anybody else, owing to their great power of raising money, and they have accordingly been clamoring for a return to the old system of state control, and are apparently unwilling to face the priests in the field of free competition. Perhaps the best defence of M. Waddington's position is to be found in the fact that a university degree in France is essential to the pursuit of certain callings and the holding of certain official positions, and as long as the Government gives graduates this sort of monopoly it is proper that it should see that the privilege is not abused.

The new Italian Ministry has made a declaration of its policy which contains nothing very radical or startling. As regards foreign affairs, Signor Depretis said they would pursue substantially the same course as their predecessors, and as regarded the tariff would adhere to free trade. He deplored the existence of the legal-tender paper money, and promised to continue the efforts of the Minghetti Ministry to get rid of it. He also promised legislation intended to secure greater independence to the communes and provinces in the management of local financial affairs, and to increase the independence of the judiciary, though we are unable to say in what particular, as the Italian judges are already appointed by the Crown and become irremovable three years after their appointment. He urged the adoption of the new Penal Code now before the Chambers, which effaces the last distinctions between the criminal legislation of the different states of which the kingdom is composed, Tuscany having until now preserved its own Code, and the new Italian Code, promulgated in 1865, having been modified in some particulars as regards Naples. Signor Depretis proposed to try compulsory education; declared himself opposed to the Minghetti scheme of state railroads, but favorable to the improvement of the Tiber and to the better regulation of the management of ecclesiastical property; and, while holding out no hope of a reconciliation between the State and the Church, in the sense in which that phrase is ordinarily used, said that the relations of the Government with the Vatican would not be less friendly than they had been. In short, this first programme of the Radicals in power is as conservative as any Conservative could wish, and promises no sensation.

ESPIONAGE IN POLITICS.

THE explanation offered by General Babcock of his connection with Whitley previous to the safe-burglary in Washington—that he employed him to find out who the persons were who were making attacks upon him in certain papers—is not a very lucid one, particularly as he says Whitley never reported, and as he cannot now remember the names of the papers and never applied to the editors for the desired information. But the mere confession of a man in such a position that he employed a detective to discover the author of a newspaper article, in preference to or instead of asking the editor, is an incident which contains a suggestion of some value for those who may be charged during the next four years with the work of reform in Washington; and it is by no means the only incident of the kind which has come to light in the investigations now pending. Anybody who has followed, even in the most cursory way, either the Whiskey trials or the Congressional enquiries, must have been struck with the part played by espionage, pure and simple, both in the administration of the Government and in the mere manœuvring of politics. Nearly all those who have turned up as actors in these affairs have either employed spies or played the part of spies themselves. They correspond in cipher. They hire men to “shadow” each other. They know each other by slang pseudonyms. They arrange rendezvous in out-of-the-way places. They steal private letters, or hire men to read letters and let them know the contents. They are constantly engaged in transactions which they wish kept secret. They make arrangements to throw other persons “off the track.” They pretend to have powerful persons in the dark “behind them.” They have “papers,” which they hold over each other’s heads. They are constantly travelling to and fro, engaged either in the promotion or frustration of a “plot.” They have “enemies,” not of the tranquil kind known in real life, who confine themselves to mild dislike, but of the theatrical type, who “work” actively with tricks worthy of Satan himself to accomplish their ruin; and “friends” who seek to help them by devices that sometimes seem borrowed from mediæval fiction. Their love for dark ways, in fact, seems almost passionate. Of two ways of accomplishing an object, they prefer the tortuous one, or that which offers the better opportunity for some kind of chicane or deceit.

Nor are the persons who carry on this curious game altogether obscure adventurers or Jeremy Diddlers simply. They are largely Government officials, filling places of trust and emolument, who seem to live in familiar intercourse with a circle of nondescripts without any visible means of livelihood, but whose livelihood, nevertheless, seems well assured, and who, when we catch glimpses of them, are up to the chin in “negotiations,” and “agreements,” and “compromises,” and “offers,” and “partnerships”—all of a dubious sort. In their hurrying to and fro, too, they frequently come in contact with the President and Cabinet officers, who watch them apparently without surprise or suspicion, get letters from them, and sometimes proposals that receive consideration. When one of them finds out that another is a liar or a cheat—a catastrophe which seems to be of tolerably frequent occurrence—he never manifests any surprise or disappointment, but simply “breaks off his negotiations” with him; and, what is more singular, the account which each gives the other, even at the first meeting, of his position and standing, is frequently accepted without question. If, for instance, Smith comes to Jones and says that he has Bristow in his breeches-pocket, and controls all the olive-oil now in the market, Jones, far from questioning it, enters into a bargain looking to “an operation” based on the hypothesis that the story is literally true.

The interest excited just now by the safe-burglary in the question whether any Government officer planned it, is leading people to overlook its importance as a revelation of manners. Whether Babcock was implicated in it or not, the fact remains that certain persons connected in some way with the government of the national capital sought to frustrate an enquiry into their use of the public

funds by hiring professional burglars to rob a public safe of the books of account, with the connivance of these charged with their custody, and carry them to the door of the most prominent promoter of the enquiry, with the view of fastening the crime on him; and that one of the persons implicated most gravely in the conspiracy was, while under indictment and trial, invited to an evening party at the White House. Now, this most daring and clumsy plot was but the final product of social and moral conditions which had been in existence for years. It was the device of knaves and tricksters, who had so long practised their art with impunity that they had forgotten that there were any limitations whatever on it. So also General Babcock’s employing a detective to find out who wrote a newspaper article about him, with a system of go-betweens and rendezvous, instead of writing to the editor, was a thing to which an officer of the regular army in a high social and official position does not come suddenly. It was plainly—supposing the story to be true—the resort of a man enamored of intrigue through long indulgence in it.

A more objectionable state of things, one more corrupting to society and politics, could hardly exist. It will be the first duty of the new Administration, if it be really a reform one, to try and sweep it all away. But as we said the other day, when speaking of the Belknap affair, it will not do to attribute it to a very sudden or peculiar outbreak of depravity on the part of American society or American politicians. The materials for this falsehood and intrigue exist everywhere. The responsibility for bringing them into use lies with the legislature and the public. The war naturally gave espionage a part in the administration of the Government it never had before, and made detectives and “secret-service agents” important personages, and consequently gave fraud and lying and skilled deception a certain respectability. One of the first things that should have been done at the close of the fighting, next to the regulation of the currency, was to throw it out of use, or, at all events, to diminish as rapidly as possible, in the interest of political morals, the occasion for it, by reforms in the imposition and collection of taxes. Far from this, it was, by means of what was called “the moiety system,” and a most onerous and complex customs tariff and internal revenue, elevated to the rank of a portion of the normal machinery of government. Every man engaged in trade, were his business large or small, had a spy set after him, and in the great commercial centres the spy became a high public functionary. B. G. Jayne, who filled the place here, had the rank and honors of a great officer of state, and more pay than the President and all the Cabinet put together. He was the friend and confidant of “statesmen” at Washington, and a trusted adviser of the Government law officers, and his daily business consisted simply in laying traps for merchants and getting their clerks and porters to play the traitor and hypocrite towards them. In fact, for many years after the war the collection of the revenue in this city was conducted as if truth did not exist and honor was an empty name, and as if the government of a great Christian nation had no better basis than that of King Koffee Kallikalli.

The connection of political management with this system is close and constant. In fact, the creation and conduct of a nominating convention, from the holding of the first primary meeting to the moment of the nomination, are a piece of work in which trickery and intrigue of divers degrees play the leading part; and the money for its expenses is largely and naturally drawn from jobbery and extortion. At this moment there is enormous activity in the very line in which Whitley and Bell shine, among all the active politicians in the country. They are hurrying to and fro, making proposals and counter-proposals, “blocking each other’s game,” “heading each other off,” concocting “plots,” and “laying trains,” with just the same arts as those which brought about the safe-burglary. When Simon Cameron goes back from Pennsylvania, and says “it is wonderful how much strength Senator Conkling has been developing within the last few days,” he does not mean that Mr. Conkling stands any higher in the favor of the people than he

did a few days ago—indeed, the phrase “developing strength,” applied to a candidate, does not touch his popularity with the people at all—he means that Conkling is gaining ground with the small band of men in each State who expect to manage the convention when it meets, through the skill of his own partisans in the secret bargaining which goes on among them; and what we wish to point out is, that in this body, and at this work, detectives like Whitley or Jayne are just as strong and able as Cameron, or Morton, or Conkling—or rather, their ability is the same in kind, though it may be lower in degree. The arguments used and the considerations presented are precisely the kind Whitley would use in trying to get restitution from a burglar or throw suspicion on the wrong man; and, in fact, if we said that political life, as the Senatorial Group understand it and follow it, was a vast detective service, we should not be guilty of any great inaccuracy.

THE DRY-GOODS BUSINESS.

THE *éclat* which has attended Mr. A. T. Stewart's death was, of course, due in a considerable degree to the popular notion of the size of his fortune. The man who has succeeded in accumulating more money than any other man in a commercial community in which nearly every man is striving for money with great eagerness, is necessarily a man of distinction, and his death is sure to cause more or less sensation. But it may well be doubted whether Mr. Stewart would have achieved nearly as much distinction had he made his money in any other way than the way in which he did make it. The riches of a great real-estate speculator, or railroad man, or contractor, or miner, or iron-master, or China merchant, would not impress the popular imagination nearly so powerfully as his have done. He not only made in his lifetime an enormous fortune, but he made it in the most conspicuous, best-known, and, to the large body of American traders, most fascinating of pursuits—the sale of the commodity known as “dry-goods.” There is probably no other business in the country on which so much ambition is secretly fed, which furnishes the material for so many day-dreams, and to which the bulk of the young men who engage in commercial pursuits are so powerfully drawn. The percentage of those engaged in all branches of business who have begun their career by “clerking it” in a dry-goods store would, if statistics could be collected on the subject, be found curiously large. So also would the percentage be of those who have tried dry-goods at one period or other of their lives as capitalists, and only turned to other callings after they had irretrievably failed in it. The number of “traders” in dry-goods was greater by far in 1870 than those in any other branch of distribution except groceries, numbering in round numbers 40,000 (the grocers reached 74,000), and this does not include the salesmen and saleswomen and travellers and collectors, who may be set down at least at two to one, or about 80,000. No other traders or dealers number half as many. There were in the country in 1870 3,000,000 farmers and planters, to say nothing of the same number of agricultural laborers. We shall not attempt to guess how large a proportion of the young men just entering on life belonging to this class are eager to exchange the dull and monotonous and exposed life of a tiller of the soil for the shelter, cleanliness, and excitement, and even remote chance of great wealth, offered by almost any kind of exchange business in a city. It is undoubtedly very large, and to most of these youths the dry-goods store seems to offer the most attractive and easy path to the new life, and is undoubtedly the most familiar one. Most of the village heroes the fame of whose “mansion” and diamonds and fast horses, church or college donations, and large “operations” comes back to their birthplace, have started in this way. Every village boy, in fact, thinks if he is quick at figures and can get behind a counter he may rival Stewart or Claflin; and more than this he does not look for in this world. The loftier dreams of intermarriage with counts and dukes, and familiar intercourse with effete monarchs and princes of the blood, come later in life, and are put into his head by his wife and daughters.

This pre-eminence and attractiveness of the dry-goods trade in this country is due mainly to the great purchasing power and varied requirements of American women. In all European countries the country population are mainly peasants, and, even when well-to-do, wear clothes of exceeding simplicity and of a stereotyped fashion. They make next to no demand for silks, trimmings, and great diversity of material, and but little for the finer qualities of goods of any kind. Consequently, there is but little field for enterprise or taste or ingenuity in furnishing them. The dealer who depends on them is satisfied if, like the grocer, he lays in a few great staples, and is able to tell which of his cotton prints have fast colors. Here in the country the tastes of the city women are spread everywhere by the fashion papers and magazines, and cultivated by the passion for equality, and the absence of class distinctions, and the secret social ambition bred by the common-schools and academies. The country boy aspires to sell dry-goods in Broadway or Washington Street, and the country girl expects a city dry-goods man to come out and marry her, and give her shawls and laces or the opportunity of “culture” in picture-galleries and libraries. The consequence is that the dry-goods man has a sphere of activity opened to him such as is presented to no other trader. Women are his principal customers, and their wants are innumerable, whether for use or ornament, and their fancy is a harp of a thousand strings, on which a skilful salesman may play an endless variety of tunes. The chances for great hits, too, in colors or patterns or fashions give the business some of the attractions of gambling, and the changeableness of the popular taste furnishes a restless, eager nature with an inexhaustible stimulus to activity and enterprise. There is no business in which a trader is brought into such constant contact with the public at large, and into such close relations with family life, and into such near perception of its wants and weaknesses.

Mr. Stewart was the first to perceive the opportunities it offered in this country and to avail himself of them, and he derived his success from two things—in the first place, he saw the advantage, in dealing with a timid, non-commercial class like women, who are, nevertheless, eager for new and to them unknown and untried commodities, of having a fixed price which would contain a fair profit and nothing more. This removed one great check on women's purchases by leaving their minds free for choice of goods simply, and delivering them from distrust of their own power as hagglers or bargain-makers. In the next place, he saw the necessity in a country of such rapid growth and unbridled hopefulness, and therefore extensive use of credit, in which the desire for fine clothes generally ran ahead of the means of paying for them, of doing business in such a way as to avoid being swept overboard by panics, which are the tornadoes of American life, and always strike dry-goods men more severely than other dealers. He therefore paid as he went, and gave no credit until giving credit became of no more consequence to him than grammar to the king, and in this way panics became his season of greatest profit, as he was able to buy out his ruined competitors. He rapidly became not simply the greatest but oldest dry-goods house in the country. Indeed, his store has always been remarkable for containing a large number of dry-goods men, once mighty and active, who had “burst up” at seasons when he was making most money, and found refuge in his service. He had perhaps no equal, except the United States Custom-house, in sheltering persons who had compounded with their creditors or been stripped of their savings in Wall Street. In fact, he played the part on the troubled dry-goods ocean of a powerful iron-clad ram, giving all rivals who seemed to be gaining on him a tap of his beak which speedily sent them to the bottom, but then picking up the officers and sending them before the mast as able seamen.

The strong expectation entertained with regard to the provision he would make for charity or art or literature by his will was probably largely due to the influence which great capacity in selling dry-goods exercises on the popular imagination. In no other business is a man's mastery of details and variety and extent of operations brought so closely under the popular eye; and that success

which people could see and appreciate so clearly must qualify a man to be a great and wise public benefactor, is an inference easily made. But the fact is there is probably no business which is less likely to fit one for the hearty and prudent execution of great schemes of public utility. We have no intention of giving expression here to the modern aristocratic contempt for the business of selling goods by the yard over the counter; but the philosophic condemnation of all retail business for its effects on the mind and character is at least as old as Cicero, and has a good deal of foundation. Retail is essentially and above all things detail, and the man who prosecutes it successfully must excel in detail and have a love of it. But there is no surer consequence of this than a loss of capacity for putting work on other people's shoulders, or for confining one's self to the task of general and more or less remote supervision, which is the essential condition of all undertakings that are to have a permanent value. The passion for seeing to everything one's self is a good thing to begin life with, but the man who retains it into his old age is more likely to die a shopkeeper than a statesman or philanthropist, and is not likely ever to find the leisure or the frame of mind for any contributions to art or charity which he has no hope of personally managing, and the working-out of which must be left to agencies which he cannot either select or control. In short, the very traits of character and experience of life which most promoted Mr. Stewart's business success, had probably most to do in preventing his leaving behind any finished and lasting monument. His contributions to the architecture of the city were unmistakable signs of his defects as a public benefactor. None of them contains the slightest recognition of the claims of art, or, in other words, of the existence of any world in which the methods and aims of "business" had no place.

Correspondence.

FALLING INTO LINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A Republican of standing in the party a few days since expressed a decided preference for Mr. Morton as the Republican candidate; I suggested that such a nomination must inevitably drive many Republicans from the support of the ticket. His answer was: "If Morton is nominated, what are you going to do about it? The party will fall into line, and the independent Republicans must support a Democrat." I am convinced that he spoke the sentiments of a large number of the party men. Now, what are the Republicans like the *Nation* and its many readers going to do about it? It very much looks as if, with skilful trading, either Conkling or Morton, or some such statesman, will be foisted upon the country at Cincinnati.

Shall we bolt, or can we vote for a Democrat? Certainly not for one of the old party leaders that are now talked of; but we can and will vote for a Democrat of the proper kind. The nomination of any man connected or allied in any way with the present Administration must alienate a large vote, and in any such unfortunate event, and in the absence of any independent nomination, we can support such a man as Governor Randolph of New Jersey, or Henry B. Payne of Cleveland, because the characters of these men always have been of the best. They are honest, capable, and hard-money men. What blindness of the Democratic party prevents the nomination of such men?

The universal disgust and chagrin at the present status of political affairs make it absolutely certain that the man, and not the party, will determine the political character of our next President.—Very truly yours,

G. L. W.

ST. LOUIS, April 8, 1876.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND'S RATE OF DISCOUNT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I beg of you the favor to allow me to make a few remarks on the able letter of Mr. George Walker in your number of March 9? For the better understanding of the chief points to which it relates, let us make the supposition that the Issue Department has its office at Whitehall, and that the automaton manages his affairs with no more reference to the Bank of England than to any other bank in the kingdom. By this migration to a new locality, nothing whatever will be altered in law or practice

beyond a change of premises. The Bank of England will be seen to be a private bank with a big customer, and with a power of issuing fifteen millions of bank-notes.

1. The first fact that comes out of this position is that the Bank of England need not (and now does not) give itself any concern about finding gold or reserve for these fifteen millions of its own issues till the stock of gold in Whitehall is exhausted. If any notes out of a circulation exceeding these fifteen millions are presented for gold in Threadneedle Street, the Bank of course is bound to provide it, and this it can always do by sending these notes to Whitehall and getting the gold for them there.

2. What the probabilities are of all the stock of gold in Whitehall being exhausted, and thus some of the remaining fifteen millions being presented for payment, is a matter of pure experiment and trial. The wants of the public have been found, in the worst of crises, to keep in circulation many more than these fifteen millions. Hence the governor of the Bank and his colleagues need not ever have their sleep disturbed by the vision of notes issued by the Bank, notes of the fifteen millions, being presented for gold, and no gold in store to meet them.

3. Hence Mr. Walker is quite accurate when he says that "the Bank Act of 1844 is simply and solely an act to fix and regulate the currency (of paper) and to ensure the convertibility of bank-notes." Mr. Walker adds: "The Bank of England is a sovereign, endeavoring, by a system of complex machinery, to do what Lord Overstone and Sir Robert Peel insisted that, under the act, it could do, namely, cause a mixed currency of coin and paper to fluctuate precisely as a purely metallic currency would fluctuate if there were no paper." I will not believe that so highly intelligent a man as Mr. Walker is adopting this nonsense—which I have shown in my book to be nonsense—as his own belief, till he tells me that he does. Nor am I aware of any evidence which brings this belief home to Sir Robert Peel. I rely on Mr. Walker's word "endeavoring"—trying to perform the impossible—as describing not Mr. Walker's futile effort but that of some currency oracles.

4. Mr. Walker is further perfectly correct in saying that "my argument establishes the fact that even now the currency system is not impregnable," but not when he adds that I am unconscious of it. Impregnability, absolute, material certainty of ever being able to get coin for notes, cannot be obtained in this world except by keeping in store a pound of gold for every pound of paper; and no paper currency ever did or ever would do such a thing. It would lose its *raison d'être*.

5. One most important consequence flows from these facts. When the Bank talks of its reserve, and regulates so mischievously the rate of discount by the movements of that reserve, the reserve so thought about and spoken of is its own private reserve in Threadneedle Street, and it has no more reference, so long as the circulation does not approach the fifteen millions, to the reserve in Threadneedle Street for the convertibility of the notes than the reserve of Messrs. Glyn or any other banker in England. As I have explained, thoughts about the currency reserve do not come into play till there is danger of the automaton being exhausted and then some of the fifteen millions turning up for gold. To what Mr. Walker, therefore, calls "the real question, whether the practice of raising the Bank rate to check an outflow of gold is necessary to maintain the currency system of Great Britain, as established by the Bank Act of 1844," I answer, it has never yet been necessary. Nay, more—it has never yet been done. The Bank never raises the rate because the circulation may fall to below fifteen millions of notes. The reserve for the notes is exclusively the affair of the automaton in Whitehall, and he manages it by a piece of self-acting mechanism. The fluctuations in the reserve, and the consequent fluctuations in the charge for discount, are events of that purely private bank, the Bank of England. Every bank in London may adopt the same rule, and proclaim a change of rate to its customers according to the state of its reserve, quite as much and as truly as the Bank of England does now: only they prefer, for various reasons, to follow the example of the Bank on most but not on all occasions, as I have shown in my letters to the *Daily News* of last December on the battle of the banks. The thought of the currency, as such, of maintaining the convertibility of the bank-note, I affirm, is always absent from the Bank parlor in Threadneedle Street, though now and then a bank director, in private society, when hard up for a reason for justifying these most injurious but to the Bank very profitable dances of the rate of discount, has been heard to allude to the necessity of looking after the currency.

6. Mr. Walker finds that "I consider too lightly this, the most important function of money, the 'measuring' power." It would pain me exceedingly if I thought this censure to be well founded. No one can have a higher conception than I have of the supreme importance of steadiness of

value in a currency: is it possible that any one has proclaimed it more ardently than I have? With me it has ever been the one vital, indispensable test of a sound paper currency that it should be of absolutely equal value with metallic, and it seems to me that I detect just a little flavor of falling away from the supreme doctrine in Mr. Walker, which I conceive gives me, in this vital matter, a touch of superiority even over him. He proclaims that "changes in the currency of any country should be in the direction of greater intrinsic value"—I should say rather in the direction of greater steadiness of value. Be it gold, silver, or anything else which is adopted as the tool of exchange, let it be the substance whose cost of production varies least.

I take leave of Mr. George Walker with warm acknowledgments of the courtesy which pervades his whole letter, and of the ability which characterizes it throughout.

DONAMY PRICE.

OXFORD, March 22, 1876.

"TALENTS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Lord Macaulay, in his 'Life and Letters,' recently published, is represented as having written: "We [Lady Holland and I] talked about the word *talents* and its history. I said that it had first appeared in theological writing, that it was a metaphor taken from the parable in the New Testament, and that it had gradually passed from the vocabulary of divinity into common use. I challenged her to find it in any classical writer on general subjects before the Restoration, or even before the year 1700. I believe that I might safely have gone down later. She seemed surprised by this theory, never having, so far as I could judge, heard of the parable of the talents."

It is neither *talent*, in the sense of 'general ability,' nor *talent*, for 'specific form of ability,' that Lord Macaulay here deals with, but the plural, *talents*.

For many centuries *talent* had no other significations than those of 'desire,' 'inclination,' 'disposition,' and the like; and, from the time when those significations came to have an established rival in one not referring distinctly to will, it must have seemed just as proper to call, for instance, 'readiness of repartee' a *talent*, as to call 'readiness of repartee and of wit' *talents*. Why, then, Lord Macaulay restricted himself to remarking on the plural word only, is not evident. He must have known that *talent* was employed metaphorically by many a "classical writer on general subjects" very long before the Restoration. Can it be that, while he found in *talents* an allusion to the Biblical parable, he found no allusion to it in *talent*?

Even from Johnson's 'Dictionary' he might have learned that Dryden uses *talents*. Add Gossion, 'The Schoole of Abuse' (1579), p. 52 (ed. 1868); Dr. Featley, 'The Dippers Dipt' (ed. 1646), p. 120; Henry, Earl of Monmouth, 'Advertisements from Parnassus' (ed. 1656), pp. 199, 244.

Miege, in 'The Great French Dictionary' (1687), has, "A man of good *talents*—that is, of good parts or abilities, Un homme qui a de beaux *talens*." It is worth noticing that Addison uses *talents* in the *Spectator*, Nos. 62, 225; in the *Tatler*, No. 196; and in the *Freeholder*, No. 39. Steele uses it in the *Spectator*, No. 216. Bartlett uses it in the *Guardian*, No. 103.

In 'Modern English' I have given several pages to *talent* and *talents*, adducing for them passages from numerous authors, from Sir Thomas Elyot (1544) onwards; and my quotations there from books printed before the Restoration might easily be doubled.

Talent, to import "faculty, power, gift of nature," Dr. Johnson characterizes as "a metaphor borrowed from the *talents* mentioned in the Holy Writ"; and we have seen Lord Macaulay's unhesitating pronouncement on *talents*. Is the Johnsonian view to be accepted without qualification? I doubt whether it is, and this doubt I expressed in print some years ago.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, *talent*, as used by religious writers, usually indicates moral endowment rather than intellectual. It may be that our pious forefathers regarded the former as, more essentially than the latter, innate by divine appointment, for better or for worse; as more a gratuity; as less obviously owing to exertion and cultivation than is the case with specialty of mind. Even so late a writer as Samuel Richardson speaks, after the elder fashion, of "pride" as a *talent*, and so of "ill-nature" and of "taciturnity."

At first, the broad metaphorical application of *talent* here in consideration was, presumably, with us of Scriptural suggestion. But a *talent* or 'gift entrusted' may be other than spiritual; and already in 1545 Roger Ascham wrote of his "poore *talent* of learning." Phrases like 'a *talent* for poetry,' 'a *talent* for music,' etc., had not, in his age, yet appeared. On

the other hand, we have long dropped such old expressions as "*talents* of mind," "the two *talents*, good sense and politeness," etc., etc.

Remembrance of the Biblical parable must, of course, have operated towards popularizing the word *talent*, and towards determining its later significations. But *talentum*, for 'will,' 'propensity,' occurs in a Low-Latin document of the eleventh century; and we should give due weight to the fact that *talent*, in the senses of 'inclination,' etc., common, together with *multalent*, from the days of Gower and Chaucer, lived on without falling into abeyance, so as not to be too archaic for even Clarendon, Dryden, and Swift. It being, furthermore, a truth of daily experience that an earnest bent for mental activity in any given field of thought is not unfrequently an index of special natural aptitude for excelling therein, a real metaphysical connection is discoverable between Gower's *talent* and *talents* now current. It seems quite possible, therefore, on twofold grounds, that the more modern senses of *talent* were in part inspired by the now extinct senses which were borne by the word—senses which, as we have seen, were not entirely laid aside in the days of Queen Anne. Otherwise, the confirmation in use of these more modern senses may have been assisted by translators from French and Italian, in both which languages they have long been established, and without any acknowledged relation to the parable in the New Testament.

A discussion of the various shades of meaning which *talent* has had within the two last centuries would require a good deal of detail, and would, moreover, be beside the limited object of this letter.

Your obedient servant,

FITZEDWARD HALL.

MARLESFORD, WICKHAM MARKET, March 31, 1876.

A REVIEW OF MR. VAN COTT'S COMMENTARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With your kind permission I will say a few words respecting the communication of Mr. Joshua M. Van Cott, which was published in the *Nation* on Thursday last. This communication, the facetiousness of whose latter portions is equalled only by the civility of its earlier ones, seems to be the first effort of its author in a new department. The versatility as well as the agility of this distinguished gentleman has been understood for some time past, even in the retired region where I live. He first came to our knowledge as an attorney against Mr. Moulton in the case where this person retracted a libel and was mulcted in the costs, and next presented himself before us as the legal representative of Mrs. Moulton in her ecclesiastical case, from which she concluded to withdraw before it came to trial. As he had thus skilfully assumed a position between the two principal persons in this family, against the one and for the other, it did not surprise us when we found him turning from the defence of the laws of the State to the announcement of oracular responses in the sphere of the church, or learned that he had become, after the Presbyterianism or Reformed Dutch character of his younger days, a main support of what he calls "pure Congregationalism." But being a simple-minded people, who have never seen much of the extraordinary powers of lawyers in the great cities, we had never expected to find him appearing as a commentator on "the Epistles"; and even less, if possible, had we thought of him as undertaking, in addition to this work and at the same time with it, the office of counsel for the five gentlemen who have been criticising the late Advisory Council. As he has so courteously called my letters to the *Tribune* "the Epistles of Timothy," he will allow me, I trust, to say in a similar strain that, while I have been accustomed to regard *Joshua* with much reverence as the leader of the people of God, I have never supposed that he had, by reason of his education or his circumstances, any special fitness for explaining the views of Paul or his younger associates. It will hardly be surprising, therefore, if when he undertakes the work of a commentator he should fall into some errors, and if his earliest effort in the new line should show a few of the weaknesses of a beginner. The greatest men need to be careful when they enter upon an untried field. In a spirit of great kindness, I shall point out some of the slight defects in this new commentary, and thus shall hope to aid the author in avoiding similar mistakes, when he has occasion to write again in the department of Biblical literature.

After a pleasing introduction, in which he calls me a "compurgator," and compares me with the impure waters of the river Rhine, and places my "astuteness" and "adroitness" beyond those of "the Jesuit fathers," Mr. Van Cott declares that his "task is to expose some" of "my bold fallacies." St. Paul, when he had a difficult point to argue with his adversaries, in connection with which he was sure that the result would be to place them clearly in the wrong, was in the habit of beginning with a few conciliatory words. It is commendable in this new commentator that he follows this admirable

method; and I have to express to him my sense of the favor he has done me, in that, while he evidently felt the painful duty imposed upon him of demolishing both my epistles and myself, he did not forget to give me such a measure of gracious praise at the outset. Such a course is honorable alike to his impartiality and his good temper, and it gives to those who examine his work a perfect confidence, even as they read the first paragraphs, that they will find in it no intentional misrepresentations.

Having thus made me known to his readers, Mr. Van Cott turns to the consideration of my fallacies, and I will take the liberty of following him with some suggestions. These fallacies of which he speaks, and which he calls "bold," are five in number:

I. The first, he says, lies "in the assumption that the Andover church proposed a mutual council to try a church member." Whether this be a fallacy or not, let me reply, I was not the author of it. It originated in the Andover church, and if common fame, on which Mr. Van Cott seems to rely so much, is to be trusted, he himself visited the celebrated town where that church is located, in connection with the matter of this proposal. The character of the action which the framers of the proposal designed to take is too well known to make it possible, at this late day, for the learned counsel to change it. Dr. Dexter, as I stated in one of my letters, gives the plan in detail, and leaves no doubt as to what was intended. He speaks of the mutual council as to be called "for the purpose of taking suitable action in the way of clearance or censure of the pastor." He says that it would "take absolute, undeniable, and unavoidable jurisdiction of the whole case"; that there was no way in which the church and the pastor "could evade such an investigation as it should order, except by confessing judgment"; and that its result, unless it should "find itself able to declare all allegations against the church and its pastor to be without foundation, would be to relieve the fellowship of the Congregational churches of the contamination of that presence." I have also the highest authority, independent of Dr. Dexter's statements, for saying that the design of the movers in the plan in the Andover church, as expressed to those who opposed it, was the trial of the pastor by a mutual council or an *ex-parte* one. Mr. Van Cott speaks of my "temerity" in calling it a trial, because the Council would not have "excommunicated" the member from Plymouth Church. But the Council, according to the declarations of its originators, was to determine the question of the pastor's guilt or innocence, to pronounce a decision accordingly, and, in case he were adjudged guilty, to inflict "censure." This would be to "try a church member," even though the penalty directly inflicted by the Council were not excommunication. If Mr. Van Cott is not disputing simply about the technicalities of words, this was a trial, and it involved a sentence of censure, which it was expected would drive the pastor from the denomination and from his pulpit. If he is disputing about such technicalities, I am perfectly willing that he should call the thing an "investigation," if he pleases, and not a "trial." The thing itself will not be changed; and, as I have clearly shown in my letters, *the thing itself, by whatever name it may be called, is a judicial proceeding in the case of a church member such as Congregationalism does not allow to another church.* Mr. Van Cott's suggestion that the whole matter was to be left for final decision with Plymouth Church, so that a second Council would have to be called in order to withdraw fellowship in case the church did nothing after the first Council had given its advice, and thus that the first Council was to make no final or judicial decision, is an afterthought, which entered the minds of his associates and himself after the Advisory Council adjourned, and after the ministry and churches had read its elaborate report showing the un-congregational character of the whole movement. To quote his own illustration, Mr. Van Cott left Andover with a horse-chestnut and he now comes forth from Brooklyn with a chestnut horse.

II. The second fallacy discovered by the learned advocate is, "that a Council cannot lawfully investigate, but a Commission can." "Having affirmed that a Council cannot investigate, because it cannot try," he says, "the Professor turns a sharp corner and upsets both his major and minor premiss by affirming that a Council can, by its creature, investigate and so try a church member." The advocate, like his clients, is so full of the idea of government over the churches, that he does not seem to remember what the nature and function of a Council are. The Commission is not a creature of the Council, in any proper sense of those words. It is the creature of the church, suggested and nominated by the Council. It is a board of referees empowered and accepted by the church, and has a right, therefore, to do what the church authorizes it to do. The Andover plan, on the other hand, proposed a mutual council, and involved in its proposal the design and intention, in case this were not satisfactory to Plymouth Church, of calling an *ex-parte* council. It involved, thus, the constituting of a council

by the Andover Church—even to the point of selecting all its members—for the purpose of investigating and trying the case of a member of Plymouth Church, and of imposing censure and withdrawal of fellowship upon him as a penalty. If the learned commentator and advocate does not perceive the difference between things so widely apart as these, we may as well cease to discuss the subject. I will only add on this point that, when Mr. Van Cott states that I "acknowledge that a council may finally investigate with a view to disfellowshipping," if he means *may investigate the case of the pastor*, I have said and acknowledged no such thing. The commentator has read into my text one of his own thoughts.

III. Mr. Van Cott's third fallacy has reference to the letter-missive. This letter-missive seems to trouble the five doctors of divinity and their counsel greatly; but the learned counsel admits, if I understand him, what his clients have denied. He allows that the case of the pastor *is included* in the letter-missive, only he says that the letter raised a question respecting the past investigation, and had no reference to a future one. If this be admitted, I am glad that the critics have yielded their opposition on this point. If not, I will refer them to a passage respecting this subject in one of my notes to my third letter, published in the *Christian Union* of April 6. I have but a word to add on this matter. If Mr. Van Cott admits that Plymouth Church asked the Council whether the past investigations had been sufficient, and if the Council felt called upon to say that they had not been sufficient to satisfy a considerable portion of the public, then I hold that the question asked necessarily involved the demand for a specification, on the part of the Council, as to what should and what should not be done in the future to supply the past deficiency. If Mr. Van Cott does not think as I do on this subject, he is entirely welcome to his opinion. But he will permit me to say that because he thinks that "Jordan overflowed its banks on this occasion," it does not follow that no one but a "Jesuitical compurgator" could regard it as flowing quietly within its legitimate course. The frequency, indeed, with which, in his past experience as an Old Testament hero, he may have known the Jordan thus to overflow, may have led him to observe the movement of the river at any particular time less carefully than others do. The analogy of Mr. Jones and his neighbors which I used is, in my judgment, a complete one, so far as the purpose for which it was employed is concerned; and I am willing to leave it to the common sense of my Congregational brethren throughout the land to decide between the distinguished advocate and myself on this point. I think that the Council would have been derelict to its duty if it had told the church that they had not done all that they ought, and then, on being asked what further they should do, it had refused to answer; and I think that the churches which sent their delegates to the Council, and the churches generally, will agree with me. So much for this fallacy. Let me only say in addition, that when Mr. Van Cott says "it was illogical and foolish to advise the church that it had done enough, and then say it should do more," he says what is quite true, if we only admit one thing, namely, that we *did* advise the church thus. But it happens that we *did not* thus advise it. We said, You have done enough to satisfy yourselves, but not enough to satisfy a considerable number of those in fellowship with you. We therefore advise you to take a further step for their satisfaction. If the learned gentleman can find anything illogical in this it would be interesting to have it pointed out. That he may find something which appears to him foolish is very possible, for he seems to regard everything as foolish now except the Andover proposal.

IV. The fourth fallacy, Mr. Van Cott tells us, is this: "That because a party negotiating for a mutual council may, for a good cause, object to a church or delegate nominated by the other party, it may, as a matter of strict right, object, with or without cause, to any church or delegate." This fallacy is one of Mr. Van Cott's own devising. I have never maintained any such position. What I have asserted is, that a party negotiating for a mutual council may, for a good cause, object to a church or delegate proposed by the other party. Mr. Van Cott claims that, if I do this, I must assert, also, that a party may thus object, either with or without cause. I have not said anything of this kind. Let me remind Mr. Van Cott that a commentator, of all men, should be careful not to go beyond what is written. The placing his own ideas in the words of another person, which have no such meaning, is not a part of his proper business. Thus far for myself. As for the Council, it said nothing whatever about objecting in such cases, except so far as the mutual council proposed by Mrs. Moulton was concerned. If Mr. Van Cott will take the pains to examine the result of the Council again, he will find that, so far from "explicitly affirming the unlimited right" of objection, as he asserts, it made no general declaration on the subject. In reference to that particular case, and that case only, it made a statement of its opinion, which was this: that Plymouth Church had the right to

object to the two neighboring churches. The reasons why it had this right the Council did not distinctly set forth in its result, but I hinted at what I suppose them to have been in my third letter to the *Tribune*. They were, first, because Plymouth Church believed the pastors of these two churches to have already expressed their judgment in favor of the other party, and, secondly, because these two pastors had been, in a part of what they regarded as the same ecclesiastical case which, in another part of it, was to come before this Council, in the position of plaintiffs, while Plymouth Church was in that of the defendant. Perhaps Mr. Van Cott, in his legal practice, thinks it is a desirable thing to have the plaintiff one of the judges in a case where he is counsel for the defendant, or perhaps he entertains this view only when he becomes a commentator.

V. The fifth fallacy is found in connection with "the tigers." In illustrating the extravagance, as I regarded it, of the statement made by Dr. Storrs respecting the views of the Council as to the exercise of a wise discretion in dealing with members charged with scandalous offences, I used an illustration of a tiger and other animals. Mr. Van Cott finds a fallacy here, because the member charged with a scandalous offence is always a tiger. I beg leave to deny this. The member charged with a scandalous offence is charged with being a tiger—that is the most we can say of him—or is believed by Mr. Van Cott to be a tiger. But he is not, of necessity and always, actually a tiger. I will not press this point, however, at this time. I will only say that my learned commentator is so affected by his office as counsel for the five gentlemen that he treats my illustration as I had no thought of treating it. I used it for a single purpose and, as I conceive, a perfectly legitimate one. The Advisory Council said that "in case a member openly and notoriously abandons all communion with the church, and is also charged with a scandalous offence, the church may, to avoid greater scandal, use a wise discretion in selecting the offence on which to separate him from its fellowship." Dr. Storrs, in referring to this statement, maintained that it included *any and every case*, and that the Council would even allow "the forger fleeing to Holland" or "the incestuous person at Corinth" to be dropped on account of irregular church attendance. He said that the doctrine of the Council was that, under circumstances as extreme as these, "the church which such a person disgraces is under no binding obligation to the community, to other churches, to the man himself, or to the Lord and Judge of all, to examine the blasting accusation" against him. Comparing this language with the words used by the Council, "made in the exercise of a wise discretion," I thought the eloquent preacher caricatured what we said. With reference to the extravagance of the preacher's statements, I used the illustration which has been mentioned. When I say we may introduce animals into our gardens according to our wise discretion, I do not mean tigers. Mr. Van Cott may not see the point of my illustration, but I think most other persons will perceive it so soon as they read the passages which I have brought into comparison. In my judgment also, those persons who keep their minds free from prejudice will bear me out in saying that the fallacy which the distinguished advocate thinks he has discovered here, is only in his own imagination. The imaginative faculty is one which even an advocate should keep under some restraint when he enters into the work of a commentator.

Mr. Van Cott closes his communication by saying that I "seem greatly agitated by my apprehensions that Andover will persist in calling a council," but that he is "not authorized to say anything to increase or tranquillize my fears." I beg to assure him that "things are not always what they seem," and that my fears have not risen to the point where they need to be tranquillized. If his clients should authorize him to say anything to increase them, I hope he will not hesitate to say it. They do not, however, seem very likely to do so; for, if we may judge from the expressions of the distinguished counsel whom they have employed in Boston, they are at present mainly occupied with their own fears. This gentleman, in his letter to the *Chicago Advance* of April 6 (the same day on which Mr. Van Cott says he is not authorized either to calm or to excite my feelings), uses the following language: "The Andover Church, to quote a professor, will sell out its job *cheap*, if any other church will take it." I suggest to the learned commentator on my epistles that we wait to see what other churches will do in view of this liberal offer.

NEW HAVEN, April 8, 1876.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

[As we have now done enough for fair play, we must decline to give further space to this controversy, particularly as it takes more and more the form of mutual castigation. Dr. Dexter's last letter in the *Tribune* in reply to Professor Dwight is in fact a declaration of war *à outrance*, in which we fear both Plymouth Church and

its pastor will be speedily forgotten. We are bound to say, with reference to the collision between Professor Dwight and Mr. Van Cott in our own columns, that we think the former has the best of it as regards "Joshua" and the "overflow of Jordan," while Mr. Van Cott has come off victorious as regards "the tiger in the garden."—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

THE official report of the 'Proceedings at the Centennial Celebration of Concord Fight,' issued at the expense of the town by the Committee of Arrangements, is in all respects a credit to the culture as well as the patriotism of her citizens. It makes an elegantly printed volume of 175 pages, adorned with heliotypes of Ebenezer Hubbard (the restorer of the old bridge), of the statue of the Minute-man of 1775, and of the Rev. William Emerson's diary for the day of the fight. Mr. J. L. Whitney, of the Boston Public Library, supplies a bibliography of the Nineteenth-of-April literature.—M. Viollet-le-Duc might easily add a chapter, and a very instructive one, to his 'Habitations of Man in all Ages,' from the data furnished in the newly issued 'Bulletin' of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey (Vol. II, No. 1). It deals with the ancient remains which abound in Southwestern Colorado and the adjacent Territories, and is fully illustrated with a map and with views of the cave and bench dwellings, whose structure and lofty and almost inaccessible situations make them wonders of architecture. One square tower is shown as perched on an egg-shaped or boulder-like mass, of course out of all reach except by a series of ladders. In general they overhang the steepest cliffs. The skilful builders who occupied them were also artists in pottery, and the specimens of shape and ornamentation here figured are truly surprising. The few skulls found are discussed by Dr. Bessels.—The people of Chicago have been naturally elated by the recent assurance of a reversionary interest in an estate valued at something like four millions. The late Walter L. Newberry provided in his will that if his two daughters died without issue one half of his estate should, on the death of his wife also, be devoted to founding a free public library in the North Division of Chicago. As the city already has such a public library in the South Division, there is little doubt that steps will be taken to merge it in the proposed Newberry Library, especially as the former has as yet no building of its own, and might indifferently be established in either division. Mrs. Newberry survives her daughters.—The fourth edition of the Boston Public Library's little 'Handbook for Readers' bears date of March, 1876. As we have before remarked, its usefulness is not confined to the patrons of that institution. Any one having access to a library of 20,000 volumes or upwards would find it a most serviceable guide. We may also call attention to the broadside "Catalogue Notes on English History," for popular reading, designed to be posted up in the Library or its branches; to which the remark just made about the 'Handbook' applies equally.—J. H. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, have undertaken the publication of a monthly periodical called *Micro-Photographs in Histology*. Each number will contain at least four plates, illustrating one pathological and three normal specimens of tissues, copied directly from the microscopic objects, and printed by one of the mechanical photographic processes. The photographs will be prepared by Dr. Carl Seiler; the descriptive letterpress by Drs. J. Gibbons Hunt and Joseph G. Richardson.

—We regret to record the death of Mr. Robert Kelley Weeks, which took place in this city on Thursday last. Among our younger poets he was distinguished by a shrinking modesty, a refined taste, and a severe standard of excellence, rather than by strength or originality of diction. The earlier readers of the *Nation* will recall his occasional contributions to this journal. Mr. Weeks's health was always delicate, and this circumstance distinctly tinged his writings.

—Two volumes of the revised—the "Centenary"—edition of Bancroft's 'History of the United States' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.) have been published, the revision having occupied, as the prefatory note states, "a solid year of close and undivided application." It is not often, certainly, that a revised edition of an American work bears such unmistakable marks of conscientious labor; it is in large part rewritten, and its value vastly increased. The ten volumes of the original work are now to be brought into six, the two volumes before us covering the ground of the first three. This is not, however, a reduction in amount—the volumes are thicker and the print smaller, so that, as nearly as we can judge, there are about a hundred more pages of matter. This is not, however, by any means an indication of the amount of new material, for there have been very considerable omis-

sions. The style is not materially changed. Here and there an epithet has been pruned away, but, on the whole, it is the same brilliant, rather exuberant style that it was forty years ago. Nevertheless, some redundancies have been omitted, and some less important facts have made way for new matter. For example, on page 13 of Vol. III. (Vol. II., page 196, of the new edition) the allusions to Greece and Rome have been struck out, and, a few lines before, where England shines "brilliantly as a beacon," the adverb is dropped. So far as we have examined, the changes are almost always for the better. Often new and interesting facts are brought out. For instance, we must say in future that the Mississippi was first seen of Europeans, not by Ferdinand de Soto, but by Cabeza de Vaca (Vol. I., page 31), who discovered one of its mouths. As an illustration of the additions which add essentially to the completeness or perspicuity of statements, we will refer to Vol. I., page 323, where the old edition (page 407) merely says that the Archbishop of Canterbury (Laud) and others were made "an arbitrary special commission for the colonies." The new edition describes the commission more particularly, and adds that "hitherto their affairs had been confided to the Privy Council." The old sub-title, "History of the Colonization of the United States," is dropped—we think unadvisedly. The ten chapters of the first volume still remain ten, and with precisely the same headings, but the subsequent chapters are recast and often subdivided, so as to give in all forty-three chapters in place of twenty-four. The chapter upon the Aborigines, for example (chap. xxii.), is now made into three. The new edition contains no portraits, and—what seems a serious mistake—no references or foot-notes of any sort. The reader can only guess, therefore, at the authorities for the extensive additions.

—We have received from James Campbell & Sons, Toronto, the 'Canadian Parliamentary Companion for 1876' (eleventh year). As we have nothing more nearly like it in this country than Lanman's 'Dictionary of Congress,' we may describe this publication as in the main a biographical register of the personnel of the Dominion Government and of the several confederated governments, to which are added Parliamentary election returns, letters of the party leaders defining their position, and a variety of other useful information. We have been struck, in looking through the Parliament list, with the significant proportion of members who were either educated or born in the United States, or whose ancestors came from here. Among the latter class the descendants of "Loyalists" (or United Empire Loyalists, as they are also designated) appear in such numbers as to prove that the hold of this "caste" is still strong in Canada. Many of them evidently refer the compiler for their pedigree to Sabine with as much complacency as another aristocracy does to Burke. In the provincial legislatures the American infusion is still more prominent—notably in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, the paradise of the Loyalists—but also in Ontario and even in Quebec. In the House of Commons one member reports that the head of the Canadian branch of his family was kidnapped from New England, when a child, by Indians, and brought to St. François de Yamaska, where he married a young lady who had likewise been kidnapped. Side by side, too, with the "Loyalists" we meet representatives of those Essex County families which emigrated from Massachusetts in 1763-4 and settled on the St. John, where a hundred years ago they made a gallant but unsuccessful effort to cast their lot with that of the revolted colonies; and where (such was the intermarrying in consequence of their being cut off), probably, the purest Puritan stock on the continent is to be found to-day among their descendants. It may be worth remarking that the Loyalist element in politics is overwhelmingly "Liberal," and we believe the same may be said of the American stock as a whole. Members of the Canadian Upper House only are allowed the title of Honorable, and it does not accompany them into private life. The Canadian Cabinet offers a suggestive contrast to ours in its distribution of functions; thus, where we have one Secretary of the Treasury, they have the Minister of Finance, the Minister of Customs, the Minister of Inland Revenue, the Receiver-General, and the Minister of Public Works (*viz.* Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department). The fisheries, too, which are under our Treasury's control, are appropriately linked in Canada with the naval interests of the country, and assigned to the Minister of Marine. The tone sought to be maintained in the civil service of our neighbor is illustrated by one of the regulations for the military college at Kingston:

"The name of any cadet expelled for misconduct will be gazetted, and recorded in the offices of the various public departments, in order to prevent his being admitted to any branch of the public service."

The Government announces that by June 1 the Intercolonial Railway, connecting Quebec and Halifax (time, twenty-four hours), will be in running order.

—A writer in the *Academy* (of March 18) advocates an international congress of librarians for a more effective comparison of notes in regard to the arrangement and management of libraries, public and private. For example, he thinks that such a conference would result in a vast economy in cataloguing new books. By a common understanding, "every English book might be catalogued at the British Museum, every French book at the Bibliothèque Nationale, every German book at the Royal Library at Berlin, every Russian book at St. Petersburg, etc. At a trifling expense these printed slips might be sent to every small or large library, and each of them might have three or four catalogues—an alphabetical catalogue of the authors, a chronological catalogue, a local catalogue, a catalogue classified according to subjects, etc. Even when a library is too poor to buy a book, the slip might be useful in its catalogue." A scheme like this, but restricted to the cataloguing of works acquired by our National Library through copyright, was broached in the *Tribune* nearly a year ago. As we pointed out at the time, the cost of printing and distributing the cards and the cost of house-room for the card-catalogue thus obtained were elements of great importance in the problem, which had not thus far been authoritatively discussed, if considered at all. The writer in the *Academy* would doubtless say that just here would be the usefulness of his international congress; and no one is likely to deny that great advantages would certainly accrue from it. Meantime, the national cataloguing which he favors could be achieved without foreign co-operation. A congress of librarians in the United States could be called at any time, and perhaps never more appropriately than during the present year.

—In June, 1868, a public reading-room was opened in connection with the French National Library, in the rue Colbert, Paris. It was especially designed, and its collections were made accordingly, to attract the working-classes, and to furnish them the elements of general self-instruction, with special facilities for acquiring practical knowledge of the various mechanic arts. The hall was opened on Sundays as well as week-days. In point of attendance the experiment has been increasingly successful. Reckoned at 29,000 in 1868, the number of readers last year was 51,000. Just how these are enumerated is not clear from the librarian's report. He gives a count, made on ten successive days, showing that 1,112 individuals visited the reading-room, of whom 857 came but once, 91 twice, and so on to 12 every day. On the average, the daily attendance for 1875 was 144. The working-classes, including under that term petty employés of every sort, have responded to the invitation, but in their choice of reading have disappointed expectation in two ways. In the first place, the majority have not called for works of popular science or technical manuals, but have shown a decided preference for belles-lettres, history, and travels. In the next place, it is observable that works of fiction, which at first seemed necessary to the collection as a bait to the public in question, pass less and less into circulation. The demand for belles-lettres constituted about 42 per cent. of the whole; history and geography, 29 per cent.; science and art, 21; jurisprudence, 7; and theology, 1. In 1875, 80,227 volumes were given out, representing 61,326 separate works. The public have proved the utility of catalogues prepared to assist them in their reading—"catalogues méthodiques fort détaillés."

—In Petermann's *Mittheilungen* for March 1 the principal map exhibits very beautifully the sedimentary formations of the continent of Europe; among them, those vast Russian coal-fields of which we spoke the other day. The second map accompanies an account of recent missionary explorations on the Baxter River in New Guinea. Among the notices of current geographical literature Dr. E. Behm replies in a dignified and conclusive manner to Capt. R. F. Burton's flourish against him—"A nous deux, Dr. E. Behm!"—in his 'Gorilla Land and the Cataracts of the Congo.' Dr. Petermann points out how slightly, after all, the blank area of Central Africa has been reduced by Cameron's march between the two oceans; we do not know, for instance, whether the Lualaba is the main stream or only a tributary. In short, we still have a Congo problem to replace that of the Nile. Perhaps it is reserved for Mr. Stanley to solve it for us.

—Mr. Darwin's depreciatory remarks forty years ago about Australia are being curiously avenged upon him. Port Darwin, on the northern coast, struggles in vain to grow into a city worth naming after anybody; while the Government of South Australia, of which it is a dependency, despairing of its coming to anything by "natural selection," are making frantic efforts to force it into significance. Our Melbourne correspondent has once or twice expressed his fear that slavery will be introduced into North Australia. We find in the last number of the Berlin Geographical Society's *Zeitschrift* (No. 60) a well-written paper which throws a good deal of light on the inducements to such a retrograde policy. Colonization on

the north coast has proved a decided failure; up to the middle of last year Port Darwin had cost South Australia \$1,150,000 above its revenues. The white population of the coast at that date numbered only 470 souls (inclusive of 62 officials)—viz., 330 men, 60 women, and 80 children. Even this was a decline from the first of the year, when there were 700 inhabitants. The shrinkage went on still further, and was overcome only by the Government importing 170 coolies from Singapore; the whites having discovered that Europeans could not endure the tropical climate except as masters and overseers. The coolies, however, proved not hardy enough for the work expected of them at the Yam-Creek gold mines and elsewhere. Chinese were next thought of, but their independent habits, their acquisitiveness, their hope of an early return to China, and the dearth of women among them, made them too objectionable. Meantime, liberal land-laws and glowing official expositions of the agricultural resources of the northern territory met with no response whatsoever. Neither capital nor labor flocked to the scene. "Die Klugen wollten nicht und die Dummen kamen nicht," says our writer. Premiums were then offered for sugar-raising, but nobody appeared to claim them. Now the Government means to follow the successful example of Queensland in settling her northern parts, and to make plantations to demonstrate the capacity of the soil. Last July it proposed also to make Port Darwin, like Singapore, a free city, and seemed to expect that the mere freedom of the port would secure it an importance equal to that which Singapore has won by its exceptional position in the current of trade. The revenue which would thus be lost to the Government does not exceed \$30,000. The Port Darwinists have still another trump in reserve: they count the days when the Government will accede to their desire to have a transcontinental railway built beside the present transcontinental telegraph.

—The *China Review* for November and December, 1875 (Vol. IV., No. 3), does not lack for interesting articles, but we have space to mention only the first two. "The Folk-lore of China," which has been running through several numbers, treats here of superstitions as to various subjects, and of ghosts and apparitions, which abound exceedingly in the Middle Kingdom, and the belief in which is not confined to those of human beings. One very amusing story is of Chang and Li, who were partners. Chang pushed Li into the canal, with the view of getting the whole of some collections they had just been making on joint account. On the first anniversary of this little affair Chang fell very ill, and Li's ghost promptly appeared, threatening the "wicked partner" if he should not restore his money to his (Li's) family. Chang promised, but got well and snapped his fingers at the absent ghost, who punctually turned up, however, on the next anniversary, and frightened Chang into actually keeping his promise. But as things all went wrong with him he removed to another place, where, to his amazement, he met Li in the middle of the street, and by daylight. Asking why he is still tormented, Li answers him: "I am no ghost; what do you mean?" Chang explains. "So," cries Li, "it was not an accident my falling into the river? I had neglected to pay due respect to the spirit of my father, and when I tumbled in the river and was nearly drowned, I thought it a punishment for my impiety." The article on the "Chinese Vernaculars," or, as it styles itself, a plea for the cultivation and use of the vulgar tongues in China, seems at first to impose a great task on the missionaries. Take the unwritten speech of Peking, Hankow, Shanghai, Ningpo, Foochow, Amoy, Swatow, and Canton, etc., says the writer, and "it may be contended that there is almost, if not fully, as great a difference between at least some of them as there is between the language of Spain, Portugal, France, and Italy, or say the German, Dutch, and Danish languages, as spoken to-day in Europe." And again, of pronunciation: "At Canton the natives say, and a foreigner if observing can perceive, that there is a difference between the mode of speech in the western and in the eastern suburbs." Nevertheless, the dialectic differences within a large radius of the provincial city are not so great as those which distinguish the Yorkshire peasantry from their fellows in the South of England; and the languages—or such differences of idiom as prevent mutual understanding—are not many, so that only a few versions of the Scriptures would be needed for the whole eighteen provinces, "and the readers of each may be counted by millions." "All Northern and much of Central China will doubtless use the Mandarin colloquial," which has already been reduced to writing and has its version of the Bible. Apropos of Mr. Leland's *Fusang*, a correspondent identifies the country with Japan, on the strength of a traditional colossal tree, *Fusao Boku*, which once flourished on the site of the present Fusi-yama. "The Chinese characters which in Japan represent the name *Fusao* are pronounced in China *Fusang*." The editor and founder of the *Review*, Mr. N. B. Dennys, we regret to observe, takes his leave of it with this number.

FORSTER'S LIFE OF SWIFT.*

II.

WE cannot properly understand Swift's cynicism and bring it into any relation of consistency with our belief in his natural amiability without taking his whole life into account. Few give themselves the trouble to study his beginnings, and few, therefore, give weight enough to the fact that he made a false start. He, the ground of whose nature was an acrid common-sense, whose eye magnified the canker till it effaced the rose, began as what would now be called a romantic poet. With no mastery of verse, for even the English heroic (a balancing-pole which has enabled so many feeblers to walk the ticklish rope of momentary success) was uneasy to him, he essayed the Cowleyan Pindarique, as the adjective was then rightly spelled with a hint of Parisian rather than Theban origin. If the master was but a fresh example of the disasters that wait upon every new trial of the flying-machine, what could be expected of the disciple who had not even the secret of the mechanic wings, and who stuck solidly to the earth while with perfect good faith he went through all the motions of soaring? Swift was soon aware of the ludicrousness of his experiment, though he never forgave Cousin Dryden for being aware of it also, and the recoil in a nature so intense as his was sudden and violent. He who could not be a poet if he would, angrily resolved that he would not if he could. Full-sail verse was beyond his skill, but he could manage the simpler fore-and-aft rig of Butler's octosyllabics. As Cowleyism was a trick of seeing everything as it was not, and calling everything something else than it was, he would see things as they were—or as, in his sullen disgust, they seemed to be—and call them all by their right names with a resentful emphasis. He achieved the naked sincerity of a Hottentot—nay, he even went beyond it in rejecting the feeble compromise of the breech-clout. Not only would he be naked and not ashamed, but everybody else should be so with a blush of conscious exposure, and human nature should be stripped of the hypocritical fig-leaves that betrayed by attempting to hide its identity with the brutes that perish. His sincerity was not unconscious, but self-willed and aggressive. But it would be unjust to overlook that he began with himself. He despised mankind because he found something despicable in Jonathan Swift, as he makes Gulliver hate the Yahoos in proportion to their likeness with himself. He had more or less consciously sacrificed self-respect for that false consideration which is paid to a man's accidents; he had preferred the vain pomp of being served on plate, as no other "man of his level" in Ireland was, to being happy with the woman who had sacrificed herself to his selfishness, and the independence he had won turned out to be only a morose solitude after all. "Money," he was fond of saying, "is freedom," but he never learned that self-denial is freedom with the addition of self-respect. With a hearty contempt for the ordinary objects of human ambition, he could yet bring himself for the sake of them to be the obsequious courtier of three royal strumpets. How should he be happy who had defined happiness to be "the perpetual possession of being well deceived," and who could never be deceived himself? It may well be doubted whether what he himself calls "that pretended philosophy which enters into the depth of things and then comes gravely back with informations and discoveries that in the inside they are good for nothing," be of so penetrative an insight as it is apt to suppose, and whether the truth be not rather that to the empty all things are empty. Swift's diseased eye had the microscopic quality of Gulliver's in Brobdignag, and it was the loathsome obscenity which this revealed in the skin of things that tainted his imagination when it ventured on what was beneath. But with all Swift's scornful humor, he never made the pitiful mistake of his shallow friend Gay that life was a jest. To his nobler temper it was always profoundly tragic, and the salt of his sarcasm was more often, we suspect, than with most humorists distilled out of tears. The lesson is worth remembering that his apples of Sodom, like those of lesser men, were plucked from boughs of his own grafting.

But there are palliations for him, even if the world were not too ready to forgive a man everything if he will only be a genius. Sir Robert Walpole used to say "that it was fortunate so few men could be prime-ministers, as it was best that few should thoroughly know the shocking wickedness of mankind." Swift, from his peculiar relation to two successive ministries, was in a position to know all that they knew, and perhaps, as a recognized place-broker, even more than they knew, of the selfish servility of men. He had seen the men who figure so imposingly in the stage-processions of history too nearly. He knew the real Jacks and Toms as they were over a pot of ale after the scenic illusion was done with. He saw the destinies of a kingdom controlled by men far less able than himself;

* The Life of Jonathan Swift. By John Forster. Vol. I. London: Murray; New York: Harper & Bros.

the highest of arts, that of politics, degraded to a trade in places, and the noblest opportunity, that of office, abused for purposes of private gain. His disenchantment began early, probably in his intimacy with Sir William Temple, in whom (though he says that all that was good and great died with him) he must have seen the weak side of solemn priggery and the pretension that made a mystery of statecraft. In his twenty-second year he writes:

"Off fly the vizards and discover all:
How plain I see through the deceit!
How shallow and how gross the cheat!

On what poor engines move
The thoughts of monarchs and designs of states!
What petty motives rule their fates!"

"I to such blockheads set my wit!
I damn such fools! go, go, you're bit!"

Mr. Forster's own style (simpler now than when he was under the immediate influence of Dickens, if more slipshod than when repressed by Landor) is not in essentials better or worse than usual. It is not always clear nor always idiomatic. On page 120 he tells us that "Scott did not care to enquire if it was likely that stories of the kind referred to should have contributed to form a character, or if it were not likelier still that they had grown and settled round a character already famous as well as formed." Not to speak of the confusion of moods and tenses, the phrase "to form a character" has been so long appropriated to another meaning than that which it has here, that the sense of the passage vacillates unpleasantly. He tells us that Swift was "under engagement to Will Frankland to christen the baby his wife is now bringing to bed." Parthenogenesis is a simple matter to this. And why Will Frankland, Joe Beaumont, and the like? We cannot claim so much intimacy with them as Swift, and the eighteenth century might be allowed to stand a little on its dignity. If Mr. Forster had been quoting the journal to Stella, there would be nothing to say except that Swift took liberties with his friends in writing to her which he would not have ventured on before strangers. In the same odd jargon, which the English journals are fond of calling American, Mr. Forster says that "Tom [Leigh] was not popular with Swift." Mr. Forster is not only no model for contemporary English, but (what is more serious) sometimes mistakes the meaning of words in Swift's day, as when he explains that "strongly engaged" meant "interceded with or pressed." It meant much more than that, as could easily be shown from the writings of Swift himself.

All the earlier biographers of Swift Mr. Forster brushes contemptuously aside, though we do not find much that is important in his own biography which industry may not hit upon somewhere or other in the confused narrative of Sheridan, for whom and for his sources of information he shows a somewhat unjust contempt. He goes so far as sometimes to discredit anecdotes so thoroughly characteristic of Swift that he cannot resist copying them himself. He labors at needless length the question of Swift's standing in college, and seems to prove that it was not contemptible, though there can be no doubt that the contrary opinion was founded on Swift's own assertion, often repeated. We say he seems to prove it, for we are by no means satisfied which of the two Swifts on the college list, of which a facsimile is given, is the future Dean. Mr. Forster assumes that the names are ranked in the order of seniority, but they are more likely to have been arranged alphabetically, in which case Jonathan would have preceded Thomas, and at best there is little to choose between three *mediocriters* and one *male*, one *bene*, and one *negligenter*. The document, whatever we may think of its importance, has been brought to light by Mr. Forster. Of his other materials hitherto unpublished, the most important is a letter proving that Swift's Whig friends did their best to make him a bishop in 1707. This shows that his own later account of the reasons of his change from Whig to Tory, if not absolutely untrue, is at least unjust to his former associates, and had been shaped to meet the charge of inconsistency if not of desertion to the enemy. Whatever the motives of his change, it would have been impossible to convince a sincere Whig of their honesty, and in spite of Mr. Forster's assertion that Addison continued to love and trust him to the last, we do not believe that there was any cordiality in their intercourse after 1710. No one familiar with Swift's manner of thinking will deem his political course of much import in judging of his moral character. At the bottom of his heart he had an impartial contempt for both parties, and a firm persuasion that the aims of both were more or less consciously selfish. Even if sincere, the matters at issue between them were as despicable to a sound judgment as that which divided the Big and Little-endians in Lilliput. With him the question was simply one between men who galled his pride and men who flattered it. Sunderland and Somers treated him as a servicable inferior; Harley and Bolingbroke had the wit to receive him on a footing of friendship. To him they were all, more or less indifferently,

rounds in the ladder by which he hoped to climb. He always claimed to have been a consistent Old Whig—that is, as he understood it, a High-churchman who accepted the Revolution of 1688. This, to be sure, was not quite true, but it could not have been hard for a man who prided himself on a Cavalier grandfather, and whose first known verses were addressed to the non-juring primate Sancroft after his deprivation, to become first a Tory and then a conniver at the restoration of the Stuarts as the best device for preventing a foreign succession and an endless chance of civil war. A man of Swift's way of thinking would hardly have baulked at the scruple of creed, for he would not have deemed it possible that the Pretender should have valued a kingdom at any lower rate than his great-grandfather had done before him.

The more important part of Mr. Forster's fresh material is to come in future volumes, if now, alas! we are ever to have them. For some of what he gives us in this we can hardly thank him. One of the manuscripts he has unearthed is the original version of 'Baucis and Philemon' as it was before it had passed under the criticism of Addison. He seems to think it in some respects better than the revised copy, though in our judgment it entirely justifies the wisdom of the critic who counselled its curtailment and correction. The piece as we have hitherto had it comes as near poetry as anything Swift ever wrote except 'Cadenus and Vanessa,' though neither of them aspires above the region of cleverness and fancy. Indeed, it is misleading to talk of the poetry of one whose fatal gift was an eye that disidealized. But we are not concerned here with the discussion of Swift's claim to the title of poet. What we are concerned about is to protest in the interests of good literature against the practice, now too common, of hunting out and printing what the author would doubtless have burned. It is unfair to the dead writer and the living reader by disturbing that unitary impression which every good piece of work aims at making, and is sure to make, only in proportion to the author's self-denial and his skill in

"The last and greatest art, the art to blot."

We do not wish, nor have we any right to know, those passages through which the castigating pen has been drawn.

Mr. Forster may almost claim to have rediscovered Swift's journals to Esther Johnson, to such good purpose has he used them in giving life and light to his narrative. He is certainly wrong, however, in saying to the disparagement of former editors that the name Stella was not invented "till long after all the letters were written." This statement, improbable in itself as respects a man who forthwith refined Betty, Waring, and Vanhomrigh into Eliza, Varina, and Vanessa, is refuted by a passage in the journal of 14th October, 1710, printed by Mr. Forster himself. At least, we know not what "Stellakins" means unless it be "little Stella." The value of these journals for their elucidation of Swift's character cannot be overestimated, and Mr. Forster is quite right in insisting upon the importance of the "little language," though we are by no means sure that he is always so in his interpretation of the cipher. It is quite impossible, for instance, that ME can stand for Madam Elderly, and so for Dingley. It is certainly addressed, like the other endearing epithets, to Esther Johnson, and may mean My Esther or even Marry Esther, for anything we know to the contrary.

Mr. Forster brings down his biography no farther than the early part of 1710, so that we have no means of judging what his opinion would be of the conduct of Swift during the three years that preceded the death of Queen Anne. But he has told us what he thinks of his relations with Esther Johnson; and it is in them, as it seems to us, that we are to seek the key to the greater part of what looks most enigmatical in his conduct. At first sight, it seems altogether unworthy of a man of Swift's genius to waste so much of it and so many of the best years of his life in a sordid struggle after preferment in the church—a career in which such selfish ambitions look most out of place. How much better to have stayed quietly at Laracor and written immortal works! Very good: only that was not Swift's way of looking at the matter, who had little appetite for literary fame, and all of whose immortal progeny were begotten of the moment's overmastering impulse, were thrown nameless upon the world by their father, and survived only in virtue of the vigor they had drawn from his stalwart loins. But how if Swift's worldly aspirations, and the intrigues they involved him in, were not altogether selfish? How if he was seeking advancement, in part at least, for another, and that other a woman who had sacrificed for him not only her chances of domestic happiness, but her good name? to whom he was bound by gratitude? and the hope of repairing whose good fame by making her his own was so passionate in that intense nature as to justify any and every expedient, and make the patronage of those whom he felt to be his inferiors endurable by

the proudest of men? We believe that this was the truth, and that the woman was Stella. No doubt there were other motives. Coming to manhood with a haughtiness of temper that was almost savage, he had forced himself to endure the hourly humiliation of what could not have been, however Mr. Forster may argue to the contrary, much above domestic servitude. This experience deepened in him the prevailing passions of his life, first for independence and next for consideration, the only ones which could, and in the end perhaps did, obscure the memory and hope of Stella. That he should have longed for London with a persistency that submitted to many a rebuff and overlived continual disappointment will seem childish only to those who do not consider that it was a longing for life. It was there only that his mind could be quickened by the society and spur of equals. In Dublin he felt it dying daily of the inanition of inferior company. His was not a nature, if there be any such, that could endure the solitude of supremacy without impair, and he foreboded with reason a Tiberian old age.

This certainly is not the ordinary temper of a youth on whom the world is just opening: In a letter to Pope, written in 1725, he says, "I desire that you and all my friends will take a special care that my disaffection to the world may not be imputed to my age; for I have credible witnesses ready to depose that it hath never varied from the twenty-first to the fifty-eighth year of my age." His contempt for mankind would not be lessened by his knowledge of the lying subterfuges by which the greatest poet of his age sought at once to gratify and conceal his own vanity, nor by listening to the professions of its cleverest statesman that he liked planting cabbages better than being prime minister. How he must have laughed at the unconscious parody when his old printer Barber wrote to him in the same strain of philosophic relief from the burthensome glories of lord-mayorality!

Nay, he made another false start, and an irreparable one, in prose also with the 'Tale of a Tub.' Its levity, if it was not something worse, twice baulked him of the mitre when it seemed just within his reach. Justly or not, he had the reputation of scepticism. Mr. Forster would have us believe him devout, but the evidence goes no further than to prove him ceremonially decorous. Certain it is that his most intimate friends, except Arbuthnot, were free-thinkers, and wrote to him sometimes in a tone that was at least odd in addressing a clergyman. Probably the feeling that he had made a mistake in choosing a profession which was incompatible with success in politics, and with perfect independence of mind, soured him even more than his disappointed hopes. He saw Addison a secretary of state and Prior an ambassador, while he was bubbled (as he would have put it) with a shabby deanery among savages. Perhaps it was not altogether his clerical character that stood in his way. A man's little faults are more often the cause of his greatest miscarriages than he is able to conceive, and in whatever respects his two friends might have been his inferiors, they certainly had the advantage of him in that *savoir vivre* which makes so large an element of worldly success. In judging him, however, we must take into account that his first literary hit was made when he was already thirty-seven, with a confirmed bias towards moody suspicion of others and distrust of himself.

The reaction in Swift's temper and ambition told with the happiest effect on his prose. For its own purposes, as good working English, his style (if that may be called so whose chief success was that it had no style at all), has never been matched. It has been more praised than studied, or its manifest shortcomings, its occasional clumsiness, its want of harmony and of feeling for the finer genialities of language, would be more often present in the consciousness of those who discourse about it from a superficial acquaintance. With him language was a means and not an end. If he was plain and even coarse, it was from choice rather than because he lacked delicacy of perception; for in badinage, the most ticklish use to which words can be put, he was a master.

The Orphan of Pimlico, and other Sketches, Fragments, and Drawings. By William Makepeace Thackeray. With some Notes by Anne Isabella Thackeray. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1876.)—Those who have read Thackeray with pleasure have always enjoyed his sketches and drawings, though possibly those who have put the highest value upon his literary qualities have not been quite ready to admit that he made a mistake in abandoning the pencil for the pen. We confess for our part that the broad caricatures with which the pages of 'Vanity Fair' are illustrated have always seemed to us to blunt rather than sharpen the point of the author's delicate satire, and we have almost felt a pang of regret that he had not been willing to allow us to form an idea, for instance, of the good Dobbin less hopelessly loutish and commonplace than the illustrations re-

presented him. At the same time, how much we should have lost! In the 'Orphan of Pimlico' (a slight sketch of a story, with drawings, which serves the purpose of christening the volume before us), we have a considerable collection of Thackerayan odds and ends that no lover of his can fail to enjoy, collected by his daughter, and published in a luxurious edition. In looking them over, we have found most entertainment in the playing-cards, a complete pack of which, it appears, Thackeray originally intended to turn out. Only a few were done, and of these the one with which the caricaturist himself was, as his daughter says, best pleased is a three of spades made up 'with very slight changes, except the mutation of the handles of the spades to human noses, and the addition of wigs and clothes, into "Mr. Gibbon, Mr. Boswell, Mr. Johnson." The likenesses are very good. In the same way the ten of clubs becomes an Assyrian battle-scene; the eight of the same suit is used to illustrate a quotation from the second part of Henry IV., and so on. The volume also contains some amusing negro and negro-minstrel sketches (Thackeray was in this country in the heyday of negro-minstrelsy, when "Lucy Neal" and "Dandy Jim" were the accepted African types), and a letter from New York, containing the following lively description of the city: "The entrance to the bay is beautiful; the magnificent woods of the Susquehannah stretch down to the shore, and from Hoboken Lighthouse to Vancouver's Island the bay presents one brilliant blaze of natural and commercial loveliness. Hearing that Titmarsh was on board the steamer, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of New York came down to receive us, and the batteries on Long Island fired a salute. General Jackson called at my hotel. I found him a kind old man, though he has a wooden leg and takes a great deal of snuff. Broadway has certainly disappointed me; it is nothing to be compared to our own dear Holborn Hill. But the beautiful range of the Alleghany Mountains, which I see from my windows, and the roar of the Niagara Cataract, which empties itself out of the Mississippi into the Oregon Territory, have an effect which your fine eye for the picturesque and keen sense of the beautiful and the natural would, I am sure, lead you to appreciate. . . . The house where Washington was born is still shown, but the General, I am informed, is dead and much regretted." Miss Thackeray's share in the work is chiefly noticeable for the thoroughness with which she has collected her material, and the earnestness with which she has done her best to throw any light that could be thrown upon the meaning of some of the more enigmatical sketches. She might, it seems to us, have done less of this with profit, or rather might have done it with profit in a less formal manner.

Cyclopædia of the Practice of Medicine. Edited by Dr. Hugo von Ziemssen, Professor of Clinical Medicine in Munich, Bavaria. Albert H. Buck, M.D., New York, editor of American Edition. Volumes I., II., III., V., X., 1874-5. (New York: William Wood & Co.)—The difficulties in the way of those who wish to know the whole of medicine are really insuperable; yet, without wishing to be an encyclopedist, one may properly desire to read and digest a good part of such a work as the present, with its distinctness, its businesslike style, and its avoidance of the unknown. The work we here notice is one of the most important of those now before the medical public. It is composed of a series of monographs, by a large number of German authors, upon the various classes of disease. The American edition or translation is to be complete in sixteen volumes; and while nothing in the execution of the work shows haste, yet there is every likelihood that the work will be completed punctually, as promised, in quarterly instalments. In this respect it contrasts pleasantly with the 'Nouveau Dictionnaire de Médecine et de Chirurgie Pratiques' and with Reynolds's 'System of Medicine,' which are its rivals in England and France. The very best talent is at work upon it in Germany; as for the translation, it is mainly by American hands, a few Englishmen and Irishmen being engaged upon it, and is very satisfactory upon the whole. The contents of the present five volumes are as follows: I. and II. Acute Infectious Diseases (typhoid, cholera, dysentery, diphtheria, malarial fevers, influenza, erysipelas, variola, etc.), by Liebermeister of Tübingen, Lebert of Breslau, Hänisch of Greifswald, Heubner of Leipzig, Oertel of Munich, Thomas of Leipzig, Curschmann of Berlin, Zülzer of Berlin, Hertz of Amsterdam, Ziemssen of Munich. III. Chronic Infectious Diseases (syphilis, glanders, anthrax, hydrophobia, cysticercus, etc.), by Bäumlér of Erlangen, Bollinger of Munich, Heller of Kiel. V. Diseases of the Respiratory Organs, by Jürgensen of Tübingen, Hertz of Amsterdam, Rühle of Bonn, Rindfleisch of Würzburg. X. Diseases of the Female Sexual Organs, by Schröder of Erlangen.

The mechanical execution of the work is extremely good. It may be an objection that the volumes are too large and heavy to be easily held.

Fine Arts.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

II.

MR. JARVIS McENTEE sends in a cluster of landscapes. The languor which winter possesses, in distinction from its sharp blue moods—a languor which commands and deadens the nerves as completely as the most enervating languor of spring—is what this painter represents with the utmost closeness and subtlety of interpretation. His pictures this year, hung in juxtaposition, seem like so many panes in a casement, opening on the same horizon, the same day, in the same sad land. He is singularly successful in giving the dull vibration of skies muffled with cloud, through which the light struggles here and there, while the greater part of the view is soft with vapory gray in which the bare trees branch like sea-weeds under water. His dramas are perilously simple, depending altogether upon quality, and quality he seldom misses. One of his scenes this year is autumnal rather than wintry, though it is not the fruitful and vintage-yielding idea of autumn, but the bereavement and reverie. The leaves are hurrying down in eddies from a tall grove, and a woman in mourning dress stands fixed in the thickest part of their fall. The tree which especially confers the shower is perhaps a little too fountain-shaped, a little too conscious and voluntary in helping out the idea of leaf-shedding, resembling some of Blake's marginal tree-growths which likewise bend and bestow; our landscapeists must remember that scenery is not allegory. The foreground in this picture (202) is a thick strewing of leaves upon water—the majority turning up their ribbed, nether sides, as they mostly do in nature—their abject flatness on the plane of the black wintry pond indicated with almost architectural precision. No. 203, "The Closing Year," has the same foreground of leaves upon water, admirably rendered and easily seized upon for approval; but it is the tone of these pictures, not so easy to indicate, but subtly expressing the tenderness of the frost, which makes them good. This group of pictures is, perhaps, the most fatally bad instance of the pernicious hanging of each painter's contribution together, as practised the present season. It is most unjust to the artist; for if his thoughts for the year have happened to run in the same vein, the similarity of his works is most strongly and unjustly emphasized by putting them side by side; if his pictures are in strong contrast, as, for example, Mr. Moran's, the very difference of effect, fitted and shaped as must needs be upon the unmistakable personality and individuality of the painter, confers a harlequin air most ruinous to sentiment and dignity; while if the exhibitor has innocently ordered a few canvases of the same size, their proximity reacts on the exhibition, giving it a low, shabby look than which nothing can well be worse.

Mr. Homer is marked for suffering, in the unkind style of hanging practised at the exhibition. His style, which never sins in the way of excessive modulation, looks bald as patchwork. The committee work their will, and four of his large flats come sliding over the stage to meet each other. Yet Mr. Homer gives us this spring the most admirable sketch he has made since the period of his war-pictures. The exulting freedom with which his brush ripples over the canvas, No. 194, in which a fresh sea is cloven by the fisherman's boat, while his little boys drink in the health and breeze of the young day, is for Mr. Homer a revelation. He has never told a story so well, nor has his pithy economy of

expression in telling a story ever become him more. The boatman's bare-foot boy who sits upon the thwart, and whose bright eye evidently sees such enormous horizons as he looks through the curl of spray shaved up by the keel, is as clean-cut a piece of work as the best figure ever blocked out for a shipbuilder by the marine sculptor. The sense of motion, as the vessel leans on the wave, and the inlay of bluish shadow and warm golden white upon the sail, where the shade of the mast falls into its broad lap, are both expressive of the open air, as though quite out from shore. The picture is a thorough-built marine, conveying the illusion that no dust could ever possibly settle upon it. Another painting (193) of Mr. Homer's is almost the equal of this in sincerity and uncontaminated cleanliness of idea. Two girls, with that peculiar moral freshness which characterizes Mr. Homer's girls, and which in some of them becomes a kind of handsome hardness, are walking among the hills, knee-deep in clover; the four-leaved shamrock which one sister has found is balanced by the bouquet of red maple-leaves in the hand of the other. The sense of dustless air, of pastured hillsides, and wholesome maidenhood is perfect enough, but it must be confessed the painter has gone to a considerable expense to get it. His breadth of view becomes breadth of flatness; and the present picture, highly characteristic of a large class of Mr. Homer's work, suggests that if he could represent his hill on a Japanese box in two lacquers, upon which the women should be inlaid, their dresses corresponding in value with one of the colors, and their heads just cutting across the hypothenuse, his secret ideal would be satisfied. It is impossible to treat ungratefully the artist who has given us No. 194, but we cannot but think it extraordinary that a person to whom ideas come so abundantly and graciously should frequently throw up the image of some slight sketch-book page upon a screen large enough to furnish a lecture-room.

Mr. La Farge, in his sole contribution (188), has another picture with a very high horizon, but it is not in the least like lacquer, and not in the least Japanese. It is a view, from some upper window, of an adjacent line of shore, the point of sight being unusually high, so that nearly all the scene is filled by the broad green lake of summer grass. A thread of blue ocean stretches across the distance, up to which the verdant pasture reaches all the way, as it does at Paradise, near Newport—intersected in the present view by idle-looking lines of stone fence. A lamb, in the perfect sense of security inspired by the scene, has strayed away from the flock without fear, and lies down in the foreground, all alone with the spectator. This lamb is very well drawn, and is the only piece of drawing in the whole large picture, all the rest of which is pure *qualité*. The "quality" of green in the far-stretching field, the "quality" in the gulf of air which is felt to sink upon it, and the "quality" in the faint bands of heated sea and sky, are what compose the effect. The view is an unusual one to choose, of course, and in its bald features, or approaches to feature, may be called American. In treatment, however, this painting, which owes everything to treatment, is distinctly of the *outré-mer*. No American master—from Cole and Doughty to Cropsey, Kensett, and Church—ever laid paint on so, or made it express this faint haze and respirable warmth. Few European painters would have chosen just such a view, perhaps, and it does not seem to us that empty fantasies of such a kind, demanding an enormous *tour de force* from the painter, and much willingness and a grand effort of sympathy from the spectator, ought to be very often painted, whether in Europe or America; but the merit and influence which make it worth looking at as it hangs, are the gift of other shores and traditions.

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